

163-
THE
PASSION SERMON,

PREACHED AT
PAUL'S - CROSSE,
ON
GOOD-FRIDAY,

APRIL 14, 1609.

By JOSEPH HALL, D.D.
Formerly BISHOP of NORWICH.

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MDCCLXXXIV.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

To the Christian Reader,

FOR a few pence, from your pocket,
I give you, for your heart, what, in
worth, exceeds all pounds.

In the cross of the great and blessed GOD
our Saviour, as the grand atonement and
ransom-price for sin, by his propitiatory
sacrifice, we have the condemnation and con-
fusion of the sinner, the hope and trust of
the penitent, the refuge and covert of the
exposed, the ransom and deliverance of the
prisoner, the plea and boast of the believer,
the conquest and ruin of sin, satan, death,
the grave, the world, and hell, the glorious
joy of the church militant below, and the
exulting song of the church triumphant
above. Much of the greatness and glory of
this most noble, and most important subject,

we have set before us, in a very striking manner, in the following sermon of that great Man of GOD, Bishop HALL.

Having said so much of the most precious and interesting subject, with a view to recommend the account of it in this uncommon discourse, I would say something in recommendation also of its uncommon Author.

That he was a man eminent for his learning, and as eminent for his piety, and that he was much noticed, and greatly preferred, on this account, let history, first, and then his own life, and writings testify. For an evidence of his great proficiency in school-learning, witness, in his more juvenile years, his masterly performances as a poet, and the distinguishing honours conferred upon him in the University of Cambridge (in Emanuel-College) which had the honour conferred upon it of his education. Witness, in his more advanced years, besides his attendance at the Court of Prince Henry, son of King James the First, at the request of the Royal Personage, who presided there, and who admired him, as others did, both as a Preacher and an Author, the earnest applications made
to

P R E F A C E.

to him by men of fashion, great in rank, learning, and goodness, to fill the important places of School-master, Tutor, Companion in travelling abroad, parochial Minister, Dean of Worcester, Bishop, first, of Exeter, and, afterwards, of Norwich. Witness, further, his polemical writings, as a Controvertist; his casuistical writings, as a Resolver of Difficulties; and his explanatory ones, as an Expounder of the Scriptures; in all of which he excelled. Witness, once more, his mission from England to the justly-renowned, and ever-memorable Synod of Dort, in Holland; for which King James made choice of him, as one of the brightest luminaries of the anglican church, sent to shine in the famous constellation of the most distinguished Divines, from amongst the reformed churches abroad, there assembled: and amongst whom no star, but one of peculiar brightness, could have appeared with splendour in the eyes of the observers. To all which high preferments, and posts of honour and importance, no other influence than his own abilities, great in the estimation of judges, and in their eyes

eyes rising superior to others, raised him *. And for a demonstration of his great piety, let his holy life, first of all, and, afterwards, his pious writings, which are richly fraught with the godly breathings of his devout soul, speak; and they will speak aloud in the ears, and leave an holy favour in the heart, of the serious Reader. Such, so evangelical, so great, and so good, being the man, you need not then wonder at my ardent desire to bring you acquainted with his worth, character, and writings. And being myself a Member, Minister, and Lover of our Establishment, I am not backward to confess I feel a singular pleasure and happiness, in a sort of boasting, in congratulating myself and my brethren, that this great man was a great Bishop in that sound part of

* Respecting Bishop HALL's reputation as a man of learning, it is observable, That even in Mr. *Gibber's* "Lives of the Poets," though that Author's hatred of godliness drives him to speak contemptuously of the Bishop, as a religious man, yet his common justice compels him to speak highly of him as a Poet; and, as a Divine, to call him "learned."

Christ's

Christ's church, the church of *England*.— But I have a further view than merely the putting of this one single sermon of this truly Gospel-Preacher into your hands, by this present publication. A Bishop of our church, and, at the same time, of such a spirit, and character as this, and writings of such learning and piety as his evidently are, ought not to be, as they are almost, totally unknown to the lower part, and almost totally forgot, or not sufficiently remembered, by the majority of the higher part, of our christian community. I must declare, therefore, my pleasing, and, I think, well-grounded expectation, that the good favour, which the taste of this *one* spiritual entertainment of this blessed Author will leave behind on your heart, will create an appetite, and produce a longing desire in you, to be further entertained, yea, feasted and filled with that delicious fare, which his *other* devout performances are calculated richly to afford. If this be the case, you may, possibly, in time, be favoured with seeing this single sermon, now before you, followed by a *little volume*; to consist of choice extracts from the choice
parts

parts of the Bishop's other religious writings in the devout, but not in the controversial, nor in the sermon way. Should GOD give you the inclination to express your desire for this good purpose, and me strength and time to answer it, the christian church may be indulged with the proposed publication; and the work may, possibly, be published by subscription. From such a garden as this excellent Author's we may gather a pleasant-looking, and sweet-smelling nose-gay. And, for once, I will not doubt even my own ability (pardon me, if this be a proud presumption) to be the gatherer. Only I must add, there is one difficulty attendant on this work, which I fear I shall find not a small one, and in which I must call in, as I shall want, some help, viz. That amidst so great a profusion of such variegated flowers, I shall not easily know where to begin my gatherings, and where to finish them. (The Bishop's works make three volumes, folio, printed in the last century, and out of print in this.)

Nor yet are these my only views in presenting to you, and the public, this sermon.

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They stop not here ; they reach farther. I am pleasing myself with the wish and expectation (and whilst I am pleasing myself, I hope I am not displeasing others, my reverend and superior brethren), that the accomplishing this pleasant task may prove a means, which GOD, as I pray, may bless, to engage the attention of, and stir up a desire in the present parochial clergy, yea, the Dignitaries and Bishops of England, and also the Heads and Fellows of Colleges in our Universities, to the perusal of the writings, and imitation of the life and labours of this their godly, and highly-honoured brother in their own church, once of them, now above them ; that as he was they may be, what he did they may do, and where he is they may go. And to this bold word I venture (and I hope with humbleness, and without offence in address) to add another, and to advance such a step as to express my expectation, that ONE distinguished Prelate, who now fills the episcopal chair of *Chester* (if I mistake not his spirit from his writings, and his heart from his character), will feel himself singularly pleased at the

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publication

publication of this sermon, when he considers, with me, the important *subject* of it, and the particular *day*, on which it was preached ; for the former of which his Lordship pleads so well, as in his sermons in general, so more particularly in his little valuable tract, and in which he pleads so well for the latter also, entitled, “ An Exhortation to the religious Observance of Good-Friday.” For which testimony so happily borne to the inestimable value of the blessed Redeemer’s cross, and its solemn commemoration, he has, if they are at all worth his acceptance, my cordial thanks ; and not mine only. But these thanks, such as they are, will be still more due to, as they will be justly merited by, his Lordship, and cordially given by me, and by others, if his warm heart will engage his eloquent tongue, and his good understanding employ his able pen, to recommend, first, to his own inferior Clergy, and then their superiors, but his own equals, his brethren in dignity, what I recommend to you, of this their great and good brother of Norwich. I will not hesitate to pronounce, that was the great worth of this blessed old

Bishop more known, and his evangelical, pious writings more perused, then recommended, afterwards imitated, and, at last equalled, by the Clergy of the church of England, in the present day, it would prove a deadly dart shot at that infidelity, Socinianism, Arianism, and irreligion, which is now, alas ! grown so rampant in Christendom as to menace its ruin ; but all which would fly before the great Followers of the great HALL.

I have nothing more to add than a word relating to the spelling and language, in which the rich matter in this gospel sermon is conveyed to us. Suffice it to observe, that the style was the customary style of the Bishop's day, though not of ours ; and therefore to *us* may be uncouth, as it is antiquated. The Reader therefore must not, in the perusal of the sermon before him, expect to be pleased with the florid language of an *Harvey*, the eloquence of an *Atterbury*, or the ingenuity of a *Seed* ; but to be profited by the plain, and homely, yet intelligible diction of a primitive, apostolic Bishop. The learned Lover of Criticism, who wants to read with the view of

refining his taste by fine writing, is charged to keep his distance, and let alone the manner; and the humble Lover of Christ, who wants to read with a design of improving his heart, is desired to draw near, and partake of the matter. If the Reader's eye be not entertained, in the object before him, as Solomon words it, with "Apples of gold in pictures of silver," to be looked at, admired, and left; yet it will still behold *good apples*, to be gathered, preserved, and eaten. The "*obedient ear*" will hearken to what the "*itching ear*" will be deaf to; and the "*seeing eye*" will discern with profit what the "*evil eye*" will look upon with contempt. A Christian's old-fashioned dress does not alter his Christianity.

Committing the whole of this work to the Lord GOD our Saviour, as the great Head of the Church, praying him to make use of it for the good of that church, along with his glory. I am

Your sincere friend,

And faithful servant, in Him,

J. R I L A N D.

BIRMINGHAM,

May, 1784.

N. B. After the expences of this publication are defrayed, if any pecuniary advantage should arise from its sale, the Editor pledges his honour to the Buyers, that every farthing shall be deposited in the *poor's* box, and be appropriated for *their* use.

TO THE ONELY HONOUR
AND GLORY OF GOD MY
DEARE AND BLESSED SA-
VIOUR (WHICH HATH DONE
AND SUFFERED ALL
THESE THINGS
FOR MY
SOULE,)

HIS WEAKE AND UNWORTHY
SERVANT HUMBLY DESIRES TO
CONSECRATE HIMSELFE AND HIS
POORE LABOURS : BESEECHING HIM
TO ACCEPT AND BLESSE THEM
TO THE PUBLIKE GOOD,
AND TO THE PRAISE
OF HIS OWN
GLORIOUS
NAME.

TO THE READER.

I Desire not to make any Apologie for the Edition of this my Sermon: It is motive enough, that herein I affect a more publike and more enduring good. Spirituall nicenesse, is the next degree to unfaithfulnesse: this point cannot be too much urged, either by the tongue, or Presse. Religion and our soules depend upon it, yet are our thoughts too much beside it. The Church of Rome so fixes herselfe (in her adoration) upon the Crosse of Christ, as if she forgot his glorie: Many of us so conceive of him glorious, that we neglect the meditation of his Crosse, the way to his glorie and ours. If we would proceed aright, we must passe from his *Golgotha* to the mount of *Olives*, and from thence to heaven; and there seeke and settle

settle our rest. According to my weakness, I have led this way in my speech, beseeching my Readers to follow me with their hearts, that we may overtake him which is entered into the true Sanctuary, even the highest heavens, to appear now in the sight of God for us.

THE



T H E
P A S S I O N S E R M O N.

J O H. 19. V E R. 30.

*When Jesus therefore had received the viniger, he said,
It is finished; and bowing the head, he gave up the
Ghost.*

THE bitter and yet victorious passion
of the Sonne of God, (Right honour-
able and beloved Christians) as it was
the strangest thing that ever befell the
earth; so is both of most soveraigne use, and
lookes for the most frequent and carefull medita-
tion. It is one of those things, which was once
done, that it might be thought of for ever. Every
day therefore must be the Good-Friday of a
Christian: who, with that great Doctor of the
Gentiles, must desire to know nothing but Jesus
Christ, and him crucified.

There is no branch or circumstance in this
wonderfull businesse, which yeelds not infinite
matter of discourse. According to the solemnity
B of

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of this time and place, I have chosen to commend unto your Christian attention, our Saviours Farewell to Nature (for his reviving was about it) in his last word, in his last act. His last word, *It is finished*; his last act, *He gave up the Ghost*. That which he said, he did. If there be any theame that may challenge and command our eares and hearts, this is it: for behold, the sweetest word that ever Christ spake, and the most meritorious act that ever he did, are met together, in this his last breath. In the one ye shall see him triumphing; yeelding in the other, yet so as he overcomes. Imagine therefore, that you saw Christ Jesus, in this day of his passion (who is every day here crucified before your eyes) advanced upon the Chariot of his Crosse; and now, after a weary conflict cheerefully over-looking the despight and shame of men, the wrath of his Father, the Law, sinne, death, hell; which all lie gasping at his foot: and then you shall conceive, with what spirit he saith, *Consummatum est, It is finished*. What is finished? Shortly; All the prophecies that were of him; All legall observations, that prefigured him; his own sufferings; our salvation. The prophecies are accomplit, the ceremonies abolisht, his sufferings ended, our salvation wrought: these foure heads shall limit this first part of my speech; onely let them finde and leave you attentive.

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Even this very word is prophesied of; *All things that are written of me, have an end*, saith Christ. What end? This, *It is finished*. This very end hath his end here. What therefore is finished? Not this prediction only of his last draught, as *Augustine*: that were too particular. Let our Saviour himselfe say, *All things that are written of me by the Prophets*. It is a sure and convertible rule; Nothing was done by Christ, which was not foretold: Nothing was ever foretold by the Prophets of Christ, which was not done.

It would take up a life to compare the Prophets and Evangelists, the predictions and the historie, and largely to discourse how the one foretells, and the other answers: let it suffice to looke at them running. Of all the Evangelists, Saint *Matthew* hath been most studious, in making these references and correspondences; with whom,

Esay	7.	14.	Matth.	1.	23.
Michah	5.	2.	Matth.	2.	6.
Esay	11.	1.	Matth.	2.	15.
Jeremie	31.	15.	Matth.	2.	18.
Judg.	13.	5.	Matth.	2.	ult.
Esay	40.	3.	Matth.	3.	2.
Esay	9.	1.	Matth.	4.	15.
Levit.	14.	4.	Matth.	8.	4.
Esay	53.	4.	Matth.	8.	17.
Esay	61.	1.	Matth.	11.	4.
Esay	42.	1.	Matth.	12.	17.
Jonah	1.	17.	Matth.	12.	40.
Esay	6.	9.	Matth.	13.	14.
Psalms.	78.	2.	Matth.	13.	35.
Esay	35.	5, 6.	Matth.	15.	30.
Esay	62.	11.	Matth.	21.	5.

Zach.	9.	9.	Matth.	21.	5.
Jeremie	7.	11.	Matth.	21.	13.
Psalms.	8.	2.	Matth.	21.	16.
Esay	5.	8.	Matth.	21.	33.
Psalms.	118.	22.	Matth.	21.	44.
Psalms.	110.	1.	Matth.	22.	44.
Esay	8.	14.	Matth.	21.	44.
Psalms.	41.	9.	Matth.	26.	31.
Esay	53.	10.	Matth.	26.	54.
Zach.	13.	7.	Matth.	16.	31.
Lam.	4.	20.	Matth.	26.	56.
Esay	50.	6.	Matth.	26.	67.
Zach.	11.	13.	Matth.	27.	9.
Psalms.	22.	18.	Matth.	27.	35.
Psalms.	22.	2.	Matth.	27.	46.
Psalms.	69.	22.	Matth.	27.	48.

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the burden or underlong of every event, is still that it might be fulfilled. Thus hath he noted (if I have reckoned them aright) two and thirty severall prophecies concerning Christ, fulfilled in his birth, life, death.

To which *S. John* addes many more. Our speech must be directed to his Passion: Omitting the rest, let us insist in those.

He must be apprehended: it was fore-prophefied; *The Anointed of the Lord was taken in their nets*, saith *Jeremie*: but how? he must be sold: for what? for thirty silver peeces; and what must those doe? buy a field: all foretold; *And they tooke thirty silver peeces, the price of him that was valued, and gave them for the potters field*, saith *Zacharie* (miswritten *Jeremie*, by one letter mistaken in the abbreviation *.) By whom? *That childe of perdition, that the Scripture might be fulfilled*. Which was he? It is foretold; *He that eateth bread with me*, saith the Psalmist. And what shall his Disciples doe? Run away: so saith the Prophecie; *I will smite the shepheard, and the sheep shal be scattered*, saith *Zacharie*. What shall be done to him? He must be scourged and spet upon: behold, not those filthy excrements could have light upon his sacred face, without a prophecie; *I hid not my face from shame & spetting*, saith *Esay*. What shall be the issue? In short, he shall be led to death:

* In the Greek names; that is, Ζητς for Ιησς. A mistake of the transcribers.

it

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it is the prophecie, *The Messias shal be slain*, saith *Daniel*: what death? he must be lift up; *Like as Moses lift up the Serpent in the wildernesse, so shall the Son of man be lift up*. *Chrysostome* saith well, that some actions are parables; so may I say, some actions are prophecies, such are all types of Christ, & this with the formost. Lift up, whither? to the Crosse: it is the prophecie, *hanging upon a tree*, saith *Moses*: how lift up? nailed to it: so is the prophecie, *They have pierced my hands and my feet*, saith the Psalmist: With what company? Two theeves: *With the wicked was he numbered*, saith *Esay*: Where? *Without the gates*, saith the prophecie: What becomes of his garments? They cannot so much as cast the dice for his coat, but it is prophecied; *They divided my garments, and on my vestures cast lots*, saith the Psalmist. He must die then on the Crosse: but how? voluntarily. *Not a bone of him shall be broken*: what hinders it, loe, there he hangs, as it were neglected and at mercy; yet all the raging Jewes, no, all the Devils in hell cannot stirre one bone in his blessed bodie: It was prophesied in the Easter-Lambe, and it must be fulfilled in him that is the true Passeeover, in spight of fiends and men: how then? he must be thrust in the side: behold, not the very speare could touch his precious side being dead, but it must be guided by a prophecie: *They shall see him whom they have thrust thorow*, saith *Zacharie*: what shall

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shall he say the while ? not his very words but are forespoken : his complaint, *Psal. 22. 2.* his resignation, *Into thy hands I commend my spirit, Psal. 22. 5.* his request, *Father forgive them : He prayed for the transgressors, saith Esay.* And now when he saw all these prophecies were fulfilled, knowing that one remained, he said, *I thirst.* A strange bearing, that a man, yea that God and man dying, should complaine of thirst.

Could he endure the scorching flames of the wrath of his Father, the curse of our sinnes, those tortures of body, those horrors of soule, and doth he shrink at his thirst ? No, no : he could have borne his drought, he could not beare the Scripture not fulfilled. It was not necessity of nature, but the necessity of his Fathers decree, that drew forth this word, *I thirst.*

If there be any Jew amongst you, that like one of Johns unseasonable Disciples, shall aske, *Art thou he, or shall we look for another ?* he hath his answer ; Yee men of Israel, why stand you gazing & gaping for another Messias ? In this alone, all the Prophecies are finished ; and of him alone, all was prophesied and was finished. *Pauls* old rule holds still, *To the Jewes a stumbling block ;* and that more ancient curse of *David*, *Let their table be made a snare :* And *Stephens* two brands stick still in the flesh of these wretched men : One in their neck, *stiffe necked ;* the other in their heart, *uncircumcised,*
the

the one, *Obstinacie*, the other, *Unbeliefe*: stiffe necks indeed, that will not floope and relent with the yoke of sixteen hundred yeers judgement and feivilitie; uncircumcised hearts, the filme of whose unbelieve would not be cut off with so infinite convictions. Oh mad and miserable Nation! let them shew us one prophecie that is not fulfilled, let them shew us one other in whom all the prophecies can be fulfilled, and we will mix pity with our hate: If they cannot, and yet resist, their doome is past; *Those mine enemies, that would not have me to reigne over them, bring them hither, and slay them before me.* So let thine enemies perish, O Lord.

But what go I so far? Even amongst us (to our shame) this riotous age hath bred a monstrous generation (I pray God I be not now in some of your bosomes, that heare me this day) compounded, much like to the Turkish religion, of one part, Christian; another, Jew; a third, worldling; a fourth, Atheist; a Christians face, a Jewes heart, a worldlings life; and therefore *Atheous* in the whole; that acknowledge a God, and know him not; that professe a Christ, but doubt of him; yea, believe him not: The foole hath said in his heart, There is no Christ. What shall I say of these men? They are worse than devils; that yeelding spirit could say, *Jesus I know*: and these miscreants are still in the old tune of that tempting devill;

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devill; *If thou be the Christ.* Oh God, that after so cleare a Gospell, so many miraculous confirmations, so many thousand martyrdoms, so many glorious victories of truth, so many open confessions of Angels, men, devils, friends, enemies; such conspirations of heaven and earth, such universall contestations of all ages and people; there should be left any sparke of this damnable infidelity in the false hearts of men. Behold then, ye despisers, and wonder, and vanish away: Whom have all the Prophets foretold? or what have the prophecies of so many hundreds, yea thousands of yeers, foresaid, that is not with this word finished? who could foretell these things, but the Spirit of God? who could accomplish them, but the Sonne of God? *He spake by the mouth of his holy Prophets, saith Zacharie:* he hath spoken, and he hath done; one true God in both: none other spirit could foresay these things should be done; none other power could doe these things, thus fore-shewed: this word therefore can fit none but the mouth of God our Saviour, *It is finished.* We know whom we have believed; *Thou art the Christ the Sonne of the living God.* Let him that loves not the Lord Jesus be accursed to the death.

Thus the prophecies are finished: Of the legall observations, with more brevity. *Christ is the end of the Law:* What Law? Ceremoniall, Morall.
Of

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Of the Morall ; it was kept perfectly by himself, satisfied fully for us : Of the Ceremoniall ; it was referred to him, observed of him, fulfilled in him, abolished by him. There were nothing more easie, than to shew you how all those Jewish Ceremonies lookt at Christ : how Circumcision, Passeeover, the Tabernacle, both outer and inner, the Temple, the Laver, both the Altars, the Tables of Shew-bread, the Candlestickes, the Vaile, the Holy of Holies, the Arke, the Propitiatorie, the pot of Manna, *Aarons* Rod, the High-Priest, his Order and Line ; his Habits, his Inaugurations, his Washings, his Anointings, his Sprinklings, offerings, the Sacrifices, and what ever Jewish Rite ; had their vertue from Christ, relation to him, and their end in him. This was then their last gaspe ; for, now straight they died with Christ, now the vaile of the Temple rent : as *Austin* well notes out of *Matthewes* order ; It tore then, when Christs last breath passed. That conceite of *Theophylact* is witty ; that as the Jewes were wont to rend their garments, when they heard blasphemy : so the Temple not enduring these execrable blasphemies against the sonne of God, tore his vaile in peeces. But that is not all ; the vaile rent, is the obligation of the rituall Law cancelled ; the way into the heavenly Sanctuary opened ; the shadow giving roome to the substance : in a word, it doth that which Christ saith, *Consummatum est.*

C

Thus

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Thus the Ceremonies are *finished*: now heare the end of his sufferings, with like patience and devotion: his death is here included, it was so neere that he spake of it as done; and when it was done, all was done. How easie is it to lose ourselves in this discourse! how hard not to be overwhelmed with matter of wonder; & to find either beginning or end! his sufferings found an end, our thoughts cannot. Lo, with this word he is happily waded out of those deeps of sorrows, whereof our conceits can find no bottome: yet let us, with *Peter*, gird our coat, and cast our selves a little into this sea.

All his life was but a perpetuall Passion: In that he became man, he suffered more than we can doe, either while we are men, or when we cease to be men; he humbled, yea, he emptied himselfe. We, when we cease to be here, are cloathed upon, 2 *Cor.* 5. We both win by our being, and gaine by our losse; he lost, by taking our more or lesse to himselfe, that is, manhood. For, though ever as God, *I and my Father are one*: yet as man, *My Father is greater than I*. That man should be turned into a beast, into a worme, into dust, into nothing; is not so great a disparagement, as that God should become man: and yet it is not finished; it is but begun. But what man? If, as the absolute Monarch of the world, he had commanded the vassalage of all Emperours, and

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Princes, and had trod on nothing but Crownes and Scepters, and the necks of Kings, and bidden all the Potentates of the earth to attend his traine ; this had carried some port with it ; suitable to the heroicall Majesty of Gods Sonne. No such matter : here is neither Forme nor Beautie ; unlesse perhaps the forme of a servant : you have made me to serve with your sinnes. Behold, he is a man to God ; a servant to man ; and, be it spoken with holy reverence, a grudge to his servants. He is despised and rejected of men ; yea (as himselfe, of himselfe) a worme, and no man, the shame of men, and contempt of the people. *Who is the King of glory ? the Lord of Hosts, he is the King of glory.* Set these two together ; the King of glory ; the shame of men : the more honour, the more abasement. Look back to his Cradle : there you finde him rejected of the Bethlemites ; borne and laid, alas, how homely, how unworthily ; sought for by *Herod*, exiled to *Ægypt*, obscurely brought up in the Cottage of a poore Foster-Father, transported and tempted by Sathan, derided of his kindred, blasphemously traduced by the Jewes, pinched with hunger, restlesse, harbourlesse, sorrowfull, persecuted by the Elders and Pharisees, sold by his own servant, apprehended, arraigned, scourged, condemned, and yet it is not finished. Let us, with that Disciple, follow him a far off ; and passing over all his contemptuous usage in the

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way, see him brought to his Crosse. Still the further we looke, the more wonder : every thing addes to this ignominie of suffering, and triumph of over-comming. Where was it ? not in a corner, as *Paul* saith to *Festus*, but in *Jerusalem*, the eye, the heart of the world. Obscurity abateth shame : publique notice heightens it : *Before all Israel and before this Sunne*, saith God to *David*, when he would throughly shame him : In *Jerusalem*, which he had honoured with his presence, taught with his preachings, astonisht with his miracles, bewayled with his tears ; *O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I, and thou wouldst not : O yet, if in this thy day.* Cruelty and unkindnesse, after good desert, afflict so much more, as our merit hath been greater. Whereabouts ? without the gates : in *Calvarie*, among the stinking bones of execrable Malefactors. Before the glory of the place bred shame ; now the vilenesse of it. When ? but in the *Passover* ; a time of greatest frequence, and concourse of all Jews and Profelytes : An holy time : when they should receive the figure, they reject the substance : when they should kill and eat the Sacramentall Lambe, in faith, in thankfulnessse, they kill the Lambe of God, our true *Passover*, in crueltie and contempt. With whom ? The quality of our company either increases or lessens shame. In the midst of theeves (saith one) as the Prince of theeves : there was no guile in his mouth,

The PASSION SERMON. 13

mouth, much lesse in his hands : yet behold he that thought it no robbery to be equall with God, is made equall to robbers and murderers ; yea superiour in evill. What suffered he ? As all lifes are not alike pleasant, so all deaths are not equally fearefull. There is not more difference betwixt some life and death, than betwixt one death and another. See the Apostles gradation : *He was made obedient to the death, even the death of the Crosse.* The Crosse, a lingring, tormenting, ignominious death. The Jewes had foure kindes of death for malefactors ; the towell, the sword, fire, stoness ; each of these above other in extremity. Strangling with the towell, they accounted easiest : the sword worse than the towell ; the fire worse than the sword : stoning worse than the fire : but this Roman death was worst of all. *Cursed is every one that hangeth on a Tree.* Yet (as *Jerome* well) he is not therefore accursed, because he hangeth ; but therefore he hangeth, because he is accursed. *He was made a Curse for us.* The Curse was more than the shame : yet the shame is unspeakeable ; and yet not more than the paine. Yet all that dye the same death, are not equally miserable : the very theeves fared better in their death than he. I heare of no irrision, no inscription, no taunts, no insultation on them : they had nothing but paine to encounter, he paine and scorne. An ingenious and noble Nature can worse brooke
this

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this than the other; any thing rather than disdainfulnesse and derision: especially, from a base enemy. I remember that learned father begins *Israels* affliction, with *Ismaels* persecuting laughter. The Jewes, the Souldiers, yea, the very Theeves flouted him, and triumpht over his misery; his blood cannot satisfie them, without his reproch. Which of his senses now was not a window to let in sorrow? his eyes saw the teares of his Mother & friends, the unthankfull de measure of Mankind, the cruell despight of his enemies: his eares heard the revilings and blasphemies of the multitude; and (whether the place were noisom to his sent) his touch felt the nailes, his taste the gall. Look up, O all yee beholders, look upon this precious body, and see what part yee can find free. That head which is adored and trembled at by the Angelicall spiritus, is all raked and harrowed with thornes: that face, of whom it is said; *Thou art fairer than the children of men*, is all besmeared with ~~the~~ filthy spittle of the Jewes, and furrowed with his tears; those eyes, cleerer than the Sun, are darkned with the shadow of death; those eares that heare the heavenly comforts of Angels, now are filled with the cursed speakings and scoffs of wretched men: those lips that spake as never man spake, that command the spiritus both of light and darknesse, are scornfully wet with vineger & gall: those feet that trample on all the powers

The PASSION SERMON. 15

powers of hell (*his enemies are made his footstool*) are now nailed to the footstool of the Crosse: those hands that freely sway the scepter of the heavens, now carry the reed of reproach, and are nailed to the tree of reproach: that whole body, which was conceived by the Holy-Ghost, was all scourged, wounded, mangled: this is the outside of his suffering. Was his heart free? Oh no: the inner part or soule of this paine, which was unseen, is as far beyond these outward and sensible, as the soule is beyond the body; Gods wrath beyond the malice of men: these were but love-tricks to what his soule endured, *O all ye that passe by the way, behold and see, if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow*: Alas, Lord, what can we see of thy sorrows? we cannot conceive so much as the hainousnesse and desert of one of those finnes which thou barest: we can no more see thy paine, than we could undergoe it; onely this we see, that what the infinite finnes, of almost infinite men, committed against an infinite Majestie, deserved in infinite continuance; all this thou in the short time of thy Passion hast sustained. We may behold and see; but all the glorious spirits in heaven cannot looke into the depth of this suffering. Doe but looke yet a little into the passions of this his Passion: for, by the manner of his sufferings, we shall best see what he suffered. Wise and resolute men doe not complaine of a little; holy Martyrs have

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have been racked, and would not be loosed ; what shall we say if the author of their strength, God and Man, bewray passions ? what would have overwhelmed men, would not have made him shrink ; and what made him complain, could never have been sustained by men. What shall we then think, if he were affrighted with terrors, perplexed with sorrowes, and distracted with both these. And lo, he was all these : for, first, here was an amazed feare ; For millions of men to despaire, was not so much as for him to feare : and yet it was no slight feare ; he began to be astonied with terror, *which in the dayes of his flesh, offered up prayers and supplications, with strong cries and teares, to him that was able to helpe him, and was heard in that he feared.* Never was man so afraid of the torments of Hell, as Christ (standing in our roome) of his Fathers wrath. Fear is still suteable to apprehension. Never man could so perfectly apprehend this cause of feare ; he felt the chastisements of our peace, yea the curse of our sinnes ; and therefore might well say with *David, I suffer thy terrors with a troubled minde ;* yea with *Job ; The arrowes of God are in me, the terrors of God fight against me.* With feare, there was a dejecting sorrow. My soule is on all sides heavy to the death : his strong cries, his many teares, are witnesses of this Passion : he had formerly shed teares of pittie, and teares of love, but now of anguish : he had before sent forth cries of
mercy ;

mercy ; never of complaint till now : when the Sonne of God weeps and cries, what shall we say or thinke ? yet further, betwixt both these and his love what a conflict was there ? It is not amisse distinguished, that he was alwayes in *Agone* ; but now in a strugling passion of mixed grieve. Behold, this field was not without sweat and blood ; yea, a sweat of blood. Oh what man or Angell can conceive the taking of that heart, that without all outward violence, meerely, out of the extremitie of his own Passion, bled (through the flesh and skinne,) not some faint deaw, but solid drops of blood ? No thorns, no nailes fetcht blood from him, with so much paine as his own thoughts : he saw the fierce wrath of his Father, and therefore feared : he saw the heavy burden of our sins to be undertaken ; and thereupon, besides feare justly grieved : he saw the necessity of our eternall damnation, if he suffered not : if he did suffer, of our redemption ; and therefore his love incountred both grieve and feare. In it selfe, he would not drinke of that cup. In respect of our good, and his decree, he would and did ; and while he thus striveth, he sweats and bleeds. There was never such a combat, never such a bloodshed, and yet it is not finished ; I dare not say with some Schoole-men, that the sorrow of his Passion was not so great as the sorrow of his compassion : yet that was surely exceeding great. To see the un-

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gracious

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gracious carelesnesse of mankinde, the slender fruit of his sufferings ; the sorrowes of his Mother, Disciples, friends ; to fore-see, from the watch-tower of his Crosse, the future temptations of his children, desolations of his Church ; all these must needs strike deepe into a tender heart. These he still sees and pitties, but without passion ; then he suffered in seeing them.

Can we yet say any more ? Lo, all these sufferings are aggravated by his fulnesse of knowledge, and want of comfort : for, he did not shut his eies, as one saith, when he drunke this cup : he saw how dreggish ; and knew how bitter it was. So daine evils afflict, if not lesse, shorter. He fore-saw, and fore-said, every particular he should suffer : so long as he fore-saw, he suffered : the expectation of evill, is not lesse than the sense : to looke long for good, is a punishment ; but for evill, is a torment. No passion workes upon an unknown object : as no love, so no feare is of what we know not. Hence men feare not Hell, because they fore-see it not : if we could see that pit open before we come at it, it would make us tremble at our sins, and our knees to knock together, as *Baltazars* ; and perhaps without faith, to runne madde at the horror of judgement. He saw the burden of all particular sinnes to be laid upon him ; every dramme of his Fathers wrath was measured out to him, ere he toucht this po-
tion ;

The PASSION SERMON. 19

tion ; this cup was full, and he knew that it must be wring'd, not a drop left : it must be finished. Oh yet, if as he fore-saw all his sorrowes, so he could have seen some mixture of refreshing. *But I found none to comfort me, no, none to pity me.* And yet it is a poore comfort that arises from pity. Even so, O Lord, thou treadest this wine-presse alone ; none to accompany, none to assist thee. Even the greatest torments are easie, when they have answerable comforts : but a wounded and comfortlesse spirit, who can beare ? If yet but the same messenger of God might have attended his Crosse, that appeared in his agony ; and might have given ease to their Lord, as he did to his servant. And yet, what can the Angels help, where God will smite ? Against the violence of men, against the furie of Satan, they have prevailed in the cause of God, for men : they dare not, they cannot comfort, where God will afflict. When our Saviour had been wrestling with Satan in the End of his Lent, then they appeared to him, and served ; but now, while about the same time, he is wrestling with the wrath of his Father for us, not an Angel dare be seen, to look out of the windows of heaven to releve him. For men, much lesse could they, if they would ; but what did they ? Miserable comforters are ye all : the Souldiers, they stript him, scorned him with his purple crown, reed, spat on him, smote him ; the
D 2 passengers,

passengers, they reviled him ; and insulting, wagging their heads & hands at him, *Hey thou that destroyedst the Temple, come down, &c.* The Elders and Scribes ; alas, they have bought his blood, suborned witnesses, incensed *Pilate*, preferred *Barabas*, undertook the guilt of his death, cried out, *Crucifie, Crucifie. Ho thou that savedst others.* His Disciples : alas, they forsook him, one of them forswears him, another runs away naked, rather than he will flay and confesse him. His mother and other friends, they look on indeed, and sorrow with him ; but to his discomfort. Where the griefe is extreme, and respects neere, partnership doth but increase sorrow. *Paul* chides this love : *What doe you weeping & breaking my heart ?* The teares of those we love, do either slacken our hearts, or wound them. Who then shall comfort him ? himsele ? Sometimes our own thoughts find a way to succour us, unknown to others ; no, not himsele. Doubtlesse (as *Aquinas*) the influence of the higher part of the soule, was restrained from the aid of the inferiour : *My soule is filled with evils, Psal. 87. 4.* Who then ? his Father ? here, here was his hope : *If the Lord had not holpen me, my soule had almost dwelt in silence : I and my Father are one.* But now (alas) he, even he, delivers him into the hands of his enemies ; when he hath done, turnes his back upon him as a stranger ; yea, he woundeth him as an enemy. *The Lord would*

breake him, Esay 53. 10. yet any thing is light to the soule, whiles the comforts of God sustaine it: who can dismay, where God will releeve? But here, *my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* What a word was here, to come from the mouth of the Sonne of God? My Disciples are men, weake and fearefull; no marvell if they forsake me. The Jewes are themselves, cruell and obstinate. Men are men, gracelesse and unthankfull. Devils are, according to their nature, spightfull and malicious. All these doe but their kinde; and let them doe it: but thou, O Father, thou that hast said, *This is my welbeloved Sonne, in whom I am well pleased*: thou of whom I have said, *It is my Father that glorifies me*? what? *forsaken me*? Not onely brought me to this shame, smitten me, unregarded me; but, as it were, forgotten, yea, forsaken me? What, even me, my Father? How many of thy constant servants have suffered heavy things: yet in the multitudes of the sorrowes of their hearts, thy presence and comforts have refreshed their soules. Hast thou releevd them, and dost thou forsake me? me, thine onely, deare, naturall, eternall Sonne? O ye heavens and earth, how could you stand, whiles the Maker of you thus complained? Ye stood: but partaking after a sort of his Passion: the earth trembled and shooke, her rocks tore, her graves opened, the
heavens

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heavens withdrew their light, as not daring to behold this sad and fearefull spectacle.

Oh deare Christians, how should these earthen and rockie hearts of ours shake, and rend in peeces at this Meditation? how should our faces be covered with darknes, and our joy be turned into heavineffe? All these voyces, and teats, and sweats, & pangs, are for us; yea from us. Shall the Sonne of God thus smart for our finnes, yea with our sins, and shall we not grieve for our own? shall he weep to us in this Market-place, and shall we not mourne? Nay, shall he sweat and bleed for us, and shall not we weep for our selves? Shall he thus lamentably shrieke out, under his Fathers wrath, and shall not we tremble? Shall the heavens and earth suffer with him, and we suffer nothing? I call you not to a weake and idle pity of our glorious Saviour: to what purpose? His injury was our glory. No, no; *Ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for your selves*: for our finnes, that have done this; not for his sorrow that suffered it: not for his pangs, that were; but for our own, that should have been, and (if we repent not) shall be. Oh how grievous, how deadly are our sins, that cost the Sonne of God (besides blood) so much torment? how far are our soules gone, that could not be ransomed with an easier price? that, that
took

took so much of this infinite Redeemer of men, God and man, how can it chuse but swallow up, and confound thy soule, which is but finite and sinfull? If thy soule had been in his soules stead, what had become of it? it shall be, if his were not in stead of thine. This weight that lies thus heavy on the Son of God, and wrung from him these teares, sweat, blood, and those unconceivable groans of his afflicted spirit, how should it chuse but presse down thy soule to the bottome of hell; and so it will doe: if he have not suffered it for thee, thou must and shalt suffer it for thy self. Goe now thou lewd man, and make thy self merry with thy sins; laugh at the uncleanneses, or bloodinesse of thy youth: thou little knowest the price of a sin; thy soule shall doe; thy Saviour did, when he cried out, to the amazement of Angels, and horror of men; *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* But now no more of this; *It is finished*: the greater conflict, the more happy victory. Well doth he find and feel of his Father, what his type said before, *He will not chide alwaies, nor keep his anger for ever.* It is fearfull; but in him, short: eternall to sinners; short to his Son, in whom the God-head dwelt bodily. Behold; this storme, wherewith all the powers of the world were shaken, is now over. The Elders, Pharises, Judas, the Souldiers, Priests, witnesses, Judges, theeves, executioners, devils,
have

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have all tyred themselves in vaine, with their own malice; and he triumphs over them all, upon the throne of his Crosse: his enemies are vanquish'd, his Father satisfied, his soule with this word at rest and glory; *It is finished.* Now there is no more betraying, agonies, arraignments, scourging, scoffing, crucifying, conflicts, terrors; all is finished. Alas, beloved, and will we not let the Sonne of God be at rest? doe we now again goe about to fetch him out of his glory, to scorne and crucifie him? I fear to say it: Gods spirit dare and doth; *They crucifie again to themselves the Son of God, and make a mock of him.* To themselves not in himsele: that they cannot, it is no thank to them; they would doe it, See and consider: the notoriously sinful conversations of those, that should be Christians, offer violence unto our glorified Saviour, they stretch their hand to heaven, & pull him down from his throne, to his Crosse: they teare him with thornes, pierce him with nailes, load him with reproches. Thou hatest the Jewes, spittest at the name of Judas, railest on Pilate, condemnest the cruell butchers of Christ; yet, thou canst blaspheme, and sweare him quite over, curse, swagger, lye, oppresse, boyle with lust, scoffe, ryot, and livest like a debauched man; yea like an humane Beast; yea like an uncleane Devill. Cry *Hosanna* as long as thou wilt; thou art a *Pilate*, a *Jew*, a *Judas*, an Executioner

The PASSION SERMON. 25

Executioner of the Lord of life, and so much greater shall thy judgement be, by how much thy light and his glory is more. Oh, beloved, is it not enough that he died once for us? Were those pains so light, that we should every day redouble them? Is this the entertainment that so gracious a Saviour hath deserved of us by dying? Is this the recompence of that infinite love of his, that thou shouldest thus cruelly vex and wound him with thy sinnes? Every of our sinnes is a thorne, and nayle, and speare to him: while thou powrest downe thy drunken carowfes, thou givest thy Saviour a potion of Gall; while thou despisest his poore servants, thou spittest on his face: while thou puttest on thy proud dresses, and listest up thy vaine heart with high conceits, thou settest a Crown of thornes on his head: while thou wringest and oppressest his poore children, thou whippest him, and drawest blood of his hands and feet. Thou hypocrite; how darest thou offer to receive the Sacrament of God, with that hand, which is thus imbrued with the blood of him whom thou receivest? In every Ordinary thy profane tongue walks, in the disgrace of the religious and conscionable. Thou makest no scruple of thine own sins, and scornest those that doe: Not to be wicked, is crime enough. Heare him that saith, *Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? Saul strikes at Damascus; Christ suffers in heaven.* Thou strikest;

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Christ

26 The PASSION SERMON.

Christ Jesus smarteth, and will revenge. These are the afterings of Christs sufferings : In himselfe it is *finished* ; in his members it is not, till the world be *finished*. We must toyle, and groane, and bleed, that we may reigne : if he had not done so, *It had not been finished*. This is our warfare ; this is the religion of our sorrow & death. Now are we set upon the sandie pavement of our Theatre, and are matched with all sorts of evils, evill men, evill spirits, evill accidents ; and (which is worst) our owne evill hearts ; temptations, crosses, persecutions, sicknesses, wants, infamies, death ; all these must in our courses, be encountred by the Law of our profession. What should we doe but strive and suffer, as our Generall hath done, that we may reign as he doth, and once triumph in our *Consummation est* ? God and his Angels sit upon the scaffolds of heaven, and behold us : our Crown is ready : our day of deliverance shall come ; yea our redemption is neere, when all teares shall be wip't from our eyes ; and we that have sowne in teares, shall reape in joy. In the meane time, let us possesse our soules not in patience only, but in comfort : let us adore & magnifie our Saviour in his sufferings, and imitate him in our own : our sorrows shall have an end, our joyes shall not : our paines shall soone be finished ; our glory shall be finished, but never ended.

Thus

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Thus his sufferings are finished ; now together with them, *mans salvation*. Who knows not, that man had made himsele a deep debtor, a bankrupt, an out-law to God ? Our sins are our debts ; and by sins, death. Now, in this word and act, our sins are discharged, death endured, and therefore we cleared : the debt is paid, the score is crossed, the Creditor satisfied, the Debtors acquitted, and since there was no other quarrell, saved : we are all sick, and that mortally : sinne is the disease of the soule : so many finnes, so many fevers, and those pestilent. What wonder is it, that we have so much plague, while we have so much sin ? Our Saviour is the Physitian : *The whole need not the Physitian, but the sick : wherein ? He healeth all our infirmities : he healeth them after a miraculous manner ; not by giving us receipts, but by taking our receipts for us. A wonderfull Physitian ; a wonderfull course of cure : One while he would cure us by abstinence ; our superfluity, by his forty daies emptinesse, according to that old rule ; Hunger cures the diseases of gluttony : Another while, by exercise : He went up and down from City to City, and in the day was preaching in the Temple ; in the night praying in the Mount. Then, by dyet ; Take eate, this is my body : and Let this cup passe. After that yet, by sweat, such a sweat as never was, a bloody one : yet more, by incision ; they pierced his hands, feet,*

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side : and yet again by potion ; a bitter potion, of vinegar and gall. And lastly, which is both the strangest and strongest receipt of all, by dying : *Which dyed for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.* We need no more, we can go no further ; there can be no more physick of this kinde : there are cordials after these, of his Resurrection and Ascension ; no more penall receipts. By this blood we have redemption, *Ephes. 1. 7.* Justification, *Rom. 3. 24.* Reconciliation, *Colos. 1. 20.* Sanctification, *1 Pet. 1. 2.* Entrance into glory, *Heb. 10. 19.* Is it not now finished ? Wo were us if he had left but one mite of satisfaction upon our score, to be discharged by our soules : and wo be to them that detogate from Christ, that they may charge themselves ; that botch up these all-sufficiently meritorious sufferings of Christ, as imperfect, with the super-fluities of flesh & blood.

Hear this thou languishing & afflicted soule : There is not one of thy sins but it is paid for ; not one of thy debts in the scroll of God, but it is crossed ; not one farthing of all thine infinite ransom is unpaid. Alas, thy finnes (thou sayest) are ever before thee, and Gods indignation goes still over thee, and thou mourning all the day long, & with that pattern of distresse, cryest out in the bitternesse of thy soule, *I have sinned, what shall I doe to thee, O thou preserver of men ?* What shouldst

shouldst thou doe? turn and believe. Now thou art stung in thy conscience with this fiery Serpent, look up with the eyes of faith to this brazen Serpent, Christ Jesus, and be healed. Behold, his head is humbly bowed down in a gracious respect to thee; his arms are stretched out lovingly to embrace thee; yea, his precious side is open to receive thee, & his tongue interprets all these to thee for thine endlesse comfort; *It is finished.* There is no more accusation, judgement, death, hell for thee: all these are no more to thee than if they were not. *Who shall condemn? It is Christ which is dead.* I know how ready every man is to reach forth his hand to this dole of grace, and how angry to be beaten from this doore of mercy. We are all easily perswaded to hope well, because we love our selves well: which of all us in this great congregation, takes exceptions to himself, & thinks, I know there is no want in my Saviour; there is want in me. He hath finished, but I believe not, I repent not. Every presumptuous & hard heart so catches at Christ, as if he had finished for all, as if he had broken downe the gates of hell, & loosed the bands of death, and had made forgiveness as common as life: saith wise Solomon; *Ease slaieth the foolish, and the prosperity of fools destroyeth them;* yea, the confidence of prosperity. Thou sayest, God is mercifull, thy Saviour bounteous, his passion absolute: all these,
and

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and yet thou mayest be condemned. Mercifull, not unjust; bountifull, not lavish; absolutely sufficient for all, not effectuell to all. Whatsoever God is. what art thou? Here is the doubt: Thou sayest well; *Christ is the good Shepheard*. Wherein; *He gives his life*: but for whom? *for his sheep*. What is this to thee? while thou art secure, prophane, impenitent, thou art a Wolfe or a Goat: *My sheep hear my voice*: what is his voice, but his precepts? Where is thine obedience to his commandments? If thou wilt not heare his Law, never hearken to his Gospell. Here is no more mercy for thee, than if there were no Saviour. He hath *finished*, for those in whom he hath begun: if thou have no beginnings of grace as yet, hope not for ever finishing of salvation: *Come to me all ye that are heavy laden*, saith Christ: thou shalt get nothing, if thou come when he calls thee not. Thou art not called, and canst not be refreshed, unlesse thou be laden, not with sin (this alone keeps thee away from God) but with conscience of sin: *A broken and contrite heart*, O God, *thou wilt not despise*. Is thy heart wounded with thy sin? doth griefe and hatred strive within thee, whether shall be more? Are the desires of thy soule with God? Doest thou long for holinesse, complain of thy imperfections, struggle against thy corruptions? Thou art the man, feare not, *It is finished*. That law which thou wouldest have kept,

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kept, and couldest not, thy Saviour could, and did keep for thee: that salvation which thou couldest never work out alone (alas, poore impotent creatures, what can we doe towards heaven without him, which cannot move on earth but in him?) he alone for thee hath finished. Look up therefore boldly to the throne of God, and upon the truth of thy repentance and faith, know that there is no quarrell against thee in heaven, nothing but peace and joy. All is finished. He would be spitted on, that he might wash thee; he would be covered with scornfull robes, that thy sins might be covered; he would be whipped, that thy soule might not be scourged eternally; he would thirst, that thy soule might be satisfied; he would beare all his Fathers wrath, that thou mightest beare none; he would yeeld to death, that thou mightest never taste of it; he would be in sense for a time as forsaken of his Father, that thou mightest be received for ever.

Now bid thy soule return to her rest, and enjoyn it *Dauids* taske: *Praise the Lord O my soule;* and, *What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.* And, as raviht from thy selfe with the sweet apprehension of his mercy, call all the other creatures to the fellowship of this joy with that divine *Esay: Rejoyce O yee heavens, for the Lord hath done it: shout yee lower parts*
of

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of the earth, burst forth into praises yee mountains : for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and will be glorified in Israel. And even now begin that heavenly Song, which shall never end with those glorified Saints ; Praise, and honor, and glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lambe for evermore.

Thus our speech of Christs *last word is finished.* His last act accompanied his words : our speech must follow it. Let it not want your devout and carefull attention ; *He bowed, and gave up the ghost.*

The Crosse was a slow death, and had more paine than speed : whence a second violence must dispatch the crucified : their bones must be broken, that their hearts might break. Our Saviour staves not deaths leisure, but willingly and courageously meets him in the way ; and like a Champion that scornes to be overcome, yea, knows he cannot be, yeeldeth in the midst of his strength, that he might by dying, vanquish death. *He bowed and gave up :* Not bowing, because he had given up, but because he would. *He cryed with a loud voice, saith Matthew.* Nature was strong, he might have lived ; but *he gave up the ghost :* and would die, to shew himself Lord of life and death. Oh wondrous example ! he that gave life to his enemies, gave up his own : he gives them to live, that persecute and hate him ; and himselfe will die the whiles for those

that hate him. *He bowed and gave up*: not they; they might crowne his head, they could not bow it: they might vex his spirit, not take it away: they could not doe that without leave; this they could not doe, because they had no leave. He alone would bow his head, and give up his ghost: *I have power to lay downe my life.* Man gave him not his life; man could not bereave it. *No man takes it from me.* Alas, who could? The High-Priests forces, when they came against him armed, he said but, *I am he, they flee and fall backward.* How easie a breath disperst his enemies? whom he might as easily have bidden the earth, yea, hell to swallow, or fire from heaven to devour. Who commanded the Devils, and they obeyed, could not have been attached by men: he must give not only leave, but power to apprehend himself, else they had not lived to take him: he is laid hold of; *Peter fights: Put up, saith Christ; Thinkest thou that I cannot pray to my Father, and he will give me more than twelve Legions of Angels?* What an Army were here? more than threescore and twelve thousand Angels, and every Angell able to subdue a world of men: he could, but would not be rescued; he is led by his own power, not by his enemies; and stands now before *Pilate*, like the scorne of men; crowned, robbed, scourged; *Yet thou couldst have no power against me, unlesse it were given thee from above.*

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Behold,

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Behold, he himfelfe muſt give *Pilate* power againſt himfelfe, elſe he could not be condemned: he will be condemned, lifted up, nailed; yet no death without himfelfe. *He ſhall give his ſoule an offering for ſinne, Eſay 53. 10.* No action, that favours of constraint, can be meritorious: he would deſerve, therefore he would ſuffer and die. *He bowed his head, and gave up the ghoſt.* O gracious and bountifull Saviour: he might have kept his ſoule within his teeth, in ſpight of all the world; the weakneſſe of God is ſtronger than men: and if he had but ſpoken the word, the heavens and earth ſhould have vaniſht away before him: but he would not. Behold, when he ſaw, that impotent man could not take away his ſoule, he gave it up, and would die, that we might live. See here a Saviour, that can contemne his owne life for ours; and cares not to be diſſolved in himſelf, that we might be united to his Father: *Skin for Skin*, ſaith the Devill, *and all that he hath a man will give for his life.* Loe here, to prove Satan a lyer, Skin and life and all hath Chriſt Jeſus given for us. We are beſotted with the earth, and make baſe ſhifts to live; one with a maimed body, another with a perjured ſoule, a third with a rotten name: and how many had rather neglect their ſoule than their life, and will rather renounce and curſe God, than die? It is a ſhame to tell; Many of us Chriſtians dote upon

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life, and tremble at death ; and shew our selves
fooles in our excesse of love, cowards in our feare.
Peter denies Christ thrice, and forswears him ;
Marcellinus twice casts graines of incense into the
Idols fire ; *Ecebolius* turnes thrice ; *Spira* revolts
and despaires : Oh let me live, saith the fearefull
soule. Whether doest thou reserve thy selfe, thou
weake and timorous creature ? or what wouldest
thou doe with thy selfe ? Thou hast not thus
learned Christ : he died voluntarily for thee, thou
wilt not be forced to die for him : he gave up the
ghost for thee, thou wilt not let others take it
from thee for him, thou wilt not let him take it
for himselfe.

When I look back to the first Christians, and
compare their zealous contempt of death with our
backwardnesse : I am at once amazed and ashamed :
I see there even women (the feeble sex) running
with their little ones in their armes for the prefer-
ment of Martyrdome, and ambitiously striving
for the next blow. I see holy and tender Virgins,
chusing rather a sore and shamefull death, than
honourable Espousals. I heare the blessed Mar-
tyrs, intreating their tyrants and tormentors for
the honour of dying. *Ignatius*, amongst the rest,
fearing least the beasts will not devoure him ;
and vowing the first vioence to them, that he
might be dispatched. And what lesse courage was
there in our memorable and glorious fore-fathers

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of the last of this age? and doe we, their cold and feeble off-spring, look pale at the face of a faire and naturall death; abhorre the violent, though for Christ? Alas, how have we gathered rust with our long peace? Our unwillingnesse is from inconsideration, from distrust. Looke but up to Christ Jesus upon his Crosse, and see him bowing his head, and breathing out his soule, and these fears shall vanish: he died, and wouldest thou live? he gave up the ghost, and wouldest thou keep it? whom wouldest thou follow, if not thy Redeemer? If thou die not, if not willingly, thou goest contrary to him, and shalt never meet him. Though thou shouldest every day die a death for him, thou couldest never requite his one death; and doest thou stick at one? Every word hath his force; both to him and thee: he died, which is the Lord of life, and commander of death; thou art but a tenant of life, a subject of death: and yet it was not a dying, but a giving up, not of a vanishing and aërie breath, but of a spirituall soule, which after separation, hath an entire life in it selfe, *He gave up the ghost*: he died, that hath both overcome, and sanctified, and sweetened death. What fearest thou? He hath pull'd out the sting and malignity of death: If thou be a Christian, carry it in thy bosome, it hurts thee not. Darest thou not trust thy Redeemer? If he had not died, Death had been a Tyrant; now he
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is a slave. *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?* Yet the Spirit of God saith not, he died, but *gave up the ghost*: The very Heathen Poet saith; *Hee durst not say, that a good man dies.* It is worth the noting (me thinks) that when S. *Luke* would describe to us the death of *Ananias* and *Sapphira*, he saith *he expired*: but when Saint *John* would describe Christ's death, he saith, *He gave up the ghost*: How? How gave he it up, and whither? So, as after a sort he retained it: his soule parted from his body; his God-head was never distracted either from soule or body: this union is not in nature, but in person. If the natures of Christ could be divided, each would have his subsistence; so there should be more persons. God forbid, one of the natures thereof may have a separation in it selfe: the soule from the body: one nature cannot be separate from other, or either nature from the person. If you cannot conceive, wonder: the Son of God hath wedded unto himselfe our humanity, without all possibility of divorce; the body hangs on the Crosse, the soule is yeilded, the God-head is eviternally united to them both; acknowledges, sustaines them both. The soule in his agony feels not the presence of the God-head; the body upon the Crosse fees not the presence of the soule. Yet as the Fathers of *Chalcedon* say truly, indivisibly, inseparably is the God-head with both
of

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of these, still and ever, one and the same person. The Passion of Christ (as *Augustine*) was the sleep of his Divinity: so I may say, The Death of Christ was the sleep of his humanity. *If he sleep, he shall doe well*, said that Disciple of *Lazarus*: Death was too weake to dissolve the eternall bonds of this heavenly conjunction. Let not us Christians goe too much by sense; we may be firmly knit to God, and not feele it: thou canst not hope to be so neere thy God, as Christ was, united personally: thou canst not feare, that God should seeme more absent from thee, than he did from his owne Son: yet was he still one with both body and soule, when they were divided from themselves; when he was absent to sense, he was present to faith; when absent in vision, yet in union one and the same: so will he be to thy soule, when he is at worst. He is thine, and thou art his: if thy hold seem loosened, his is not. When temptations will not let thee see him, he sees thee and possessees thee; onely believe thou against sense, above hope; and though he kill thee, yet trust in him. Whither gave he it up? Himselfe expresses; *Father, into thy hands*; And, *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise*. It is Justice to restore, whence we receive; *Into thy hands*. He knew where it should be both safe and happy: True, he might bee bold (thou sayest) as the Sonne with the Father. The servants
have

have done so; *David* before him, *Steven* after him. And lest we should not thinke it our common right; *Father* (saith he) *I will that those thou hast given me, may be with me, even where I am*: he wils it, therefore it must be. It is not presumption, but faith, to charge God with thy spirit; neither can there ever be any beleeving soule so mean, that he should refuse it: all the feare is in thy self: how canst thou trust thy jewell with a stranger? What sudden familiarity is this? God hath been with thee, and gone by thee; thou hast not saluted him: and now in all the haste thou bequeathest thy soule to him. On what acquaintance? How desperate is this carelesnesse? If thou have but a little money, whether thou keep it, thou layest it up in the Temple of trust; or whether thou let it, thou art sure of good assurance, sound bonds. If but a little land, how carefully doest thou make firme conveyances to thy desired heires? If goods, thy Will hath taken secure order, who shall enjoy them: We need not teach you Citizens to make sure worke for your estates. If children, thou disposest of them in trades, with portions: onely of the soule (which is thy selfe) thou knowest not what shall become. The world must have it no more; thy self wouldest keep it, but thou knowest thou canst not: Satan would have it, and thou knowest not whether he shall:

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shall: thou wouldst have God have it, and thou knowest not whether he will: yea, thy heart is now ready with *Pharoah* to say, *Who is the Lord?* O the fearefull and miserable estate of that man, that must part with his soule, he knows not whither: which if thou wouldst avoid, (as this very warning shall judge thee if thou doe not) be acquainted with God in thy life, that thou maist make him the Guardian of thy soule in thy death. Given up it must needs be, but to him that hath governed it: if thou have given it to Satan in thy life, how canst thou hope God will in thy death entertaine it? *Did you not hate me, and expell me out of my Fathers house? how then come ye to me now in this time of your tribulation,* saith *Jephtha* to the men of *Geliad*. No, no, either give up thy soule to God while he calls for it in his word, in the provocations of his love, in his afflictions, in the holy motions of his spirit to thine: or else when thou wouldst give it, he will none of it, but as a Judge to deliver it to the Tormentor.

What should God do with an unclean, drunken, prophane, proud, covetous soule? without holiness, it is no seeing of God. *Depart from me, ye wicked, I know ye not:* Goe to the gods you have served. See how God is even with men: they had, in the time of the Gospell, said to the holy one of Israel, *Depart from us;* now in the time of judgement,

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judgement, he saith to them, *Depart from me*: They would not know God when they might: now God will not know them when they would.

Now therefore (beloved) if thou would'st not have God scorne the offer of thy death-bed, fit thy soule for him in thy health; furnish it with grace; inure it to a sweet conversation with the God of heaven: then mayest thou boldly give it up, and he shall as graciously receive it, yea fetch it by his Angels to his glory.

He gave up the ghost. We must doe as he did: not all with the same successe. *Giving up*, supposes a receiving, a returning. This inmate that we have in our bosome, is sent to lodge here for a time, may not dwell here alwayes. The right of this tenure is the Lords, not ours: As he said of the hatchet; *It is but lent*, it must be restored: It is ours to keep, his to dispose and require. See and consider both our priviledge and charge. It is not with us as with bruit creatures: we have a living ghost to informe us, which yet is not ours, (and, alas, what is ours, if our soules be not?) but must be given up to him that gave it.

Why doe we live as those that took no keep of so glorious a guest? as those that should never part with it, as those that thinke it given them to spend, not to returne with a reckoning?

If thou hadst no soule, if a mortall one, if thine owne, if never to be required, how couldst thou

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live

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live but sensually? Oh remember but who thou art, what thou hast, and whither thou must; and thou shalt live like thy selfe, while thou art, and give up thy ghost confidently, when thou shalt cease to be. Neither is there here more certainty of our departure, than comfort. Carry this with thee to thy death-bed, and see if it can refresh thee, when all the world cannot give thee one dram of comfort. Our spirit is our dearest riches: if we should lose it, here were just cause of griefe. Howle and lament, if thou thinkest thy soule perisheth: it is not forfeited, but surrendered. How safely doth our soule passe through the gates of death, without any impeachment, while it is in the hand of the Almighty? Woe were us, if he did not keep it while we have it; much more when we restore it. We give it up to the same hands that created, infused, redeemed, renewed; that doth protect, preserve, establish, and will crown it: *I know whom I have beleevd, and am perswaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.* O secure and happy estate of the godly: Oh blessed exchange of our condition: whiles our soule dwels in our breast, how is it subject to infinite miseries, dis-tempered with passions, charged with sinne, vexed with tentations? above, none of these: how should it be otherwise? This is our pilgrimage, that our home: this our wildernesse, that our land of promise:

mise: this our bondage, that our Kingdome: our impotency causeth this our sorrow.

When our soule is once given up, what evill shall reach unto heaven, and wrestle with the Almighty? Our lothnesse to give up, comes from our ignorance and infideliitie. No man goes unwillingly to a certaine preferment. *I desire to be dissolved*, saith Paul: *I have served thee, I have beleevved thee, and now I come to thee*, saith Luther. The voice of Saints, not of men. If thine heart can say thus, thou shalt not need to intreat with old *Hilarion*, *Go thy wayes forth my soule, goe forth, what fearest thou?* but it shall flie up alone cheerefully from thee, and give up it selfe into the armes of God, as a faithfull Creator and Redeemer. This earth is not the element of thy soule, it is not where it should be. It shall be no lesse thine, when it is more the owners. Think now seriously of this point; Gods Angell is abroad, and strikes on all sides; we know not which of our turnes shall be the next: we are sure we carry deaths enow within us. If we be ready, our day cannot come too soone. Stirre up thy soule to an heavenly cheerfulness, like thy Saviour: Know but whither thou art going; and thou canst not but with divine Paul, say from our Saviours mouth, even in this sence; *It is a more blessed thing to give, than to receive.* God cannot abide an unwilling

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guest: give up that spirit to him, which he hath given thee; and he will both receive what thou givest, and give it thee againe, with that glory and happineffe, which can never be conceived, and shall never be ended. Even so Lord Jesus come quickly.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS *from* Dr. YOUNG's
NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

NIGHT the FOURTH.

WITH joy,—with grief, that *healing hand* I see :
The skies it form'd ; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—
There hangs all human hope : that nail supports
The falling universe : that gone, we drop.

O what a groan was there ! A groan *not His*.
He seiz'd our dreadful right ; the load sustain'd ;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds *so* bought, were bought too dear,
Sensations new in angels bosoms rise ;
Suspend their song ; and make a pause in bliss.

How our hearts tremble at thy love immense !
In love immense, inviolably just !
Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
Didst stain the *cross* ; and, work of wonders, far
The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.

The ransom was paid down ; the fund of heaven,
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond : tho' curious to compute,
Archangels

Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum :
 It's value vast, ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
 For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.
 And was the ransom paid ? It was ; and paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more !) for *you*.
 The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot : *Midnight* veil'd his face ;
 Not such as *this* ; not such as nature makes :
 A *midnight* nature shudder'd to behold ;
 A *midnight* new ! A dread eclipse (without
 Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown !
Sun ! Didst thou fly thy Maker's pain ? or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bow'd his blessed head ; o'erwhelm'd his cross ?
 Made groan the centre ; burst earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs ! deliver'd of her dead !
 Hell howl'd ; and Heav'n that hour let fall a tear :
 Heav'n wept, that men might smile ! Heav'n wept
 That man might never die.—
 If, sick of folly, I relent : He writes
 My name in heav'n, with that inverted spear
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood !) which pierc'd His side,
 And open'd there a font for all mankind
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live :
This, only this, subdues the fear of death.
 And what is *this* ?—Survey the wond'rous cure ;
 And at each step let higher wonder rise !
 " Pardon for infinite offence ! and pardon
 " Thro' means, that speak it's value infinite !
 " A pardon bought with blood ! with blood divine !
 " With blood divine of Him I made my foe !
 " Yet for the foulest of the foul He dies."
Bound,

Bound, every heart ! And every bosom, burn !

Redemption ! 'Twas creation more sublime ;
Redemption ! 'Twas the labour of the skies ;
 Far more than labour—It was *death* in heav'n.
 A truth so strange ! 'Twere bold to think it true ;
 If not far bolder still to disbelieve.

To man the bleeding cross has promis'd *all* ;
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace ;
 Who gave his life, what grace shall He deny ?

Religion ! Thou the soul of happiness :
 And, groaning *Calvary*, of Thee ! *There* shine
 The noblest truths ; *there* strongest motives sling :

He weeps !—The falling drop puts out the sun ;
He sighs !—The sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
 — Thou, my *All* !

My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
 My strength in age ! My rise in low estate !
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth ! My world !
 My light in darkness ! And my life in death !
 My boast thro' time ! Bliss thro' eternity !
 Eternity, too short to speak thy praise !
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man !
 To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me !
 My Sacrifice ! My GOD !—What things are these !

Talk they of *morals* ? O Thou bleeding Love !
 Thou Maker of *new* morals to mankind !
 The grand morality is love of Thee.

A CHRISTIAN

A CHRISTIAN is the highest stile of man,
 And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
 As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow?
 If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
 The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
 More struck with grief, or wonder, who can tell?

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